Dragons Don't Scare Me

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Dragons Don't Scare Me

by Quasi_Detective

Summary

Covers the events of the book Red Dragon in the TV show's universe with a ton of sick twists, since I didn't want to just type up the events of the book without drastically changing things. *Does not cover in the same way as Season 3, as this was written before Season 3 aired.*

The Good Life Gone Bad

It had been a couple of years since the incident with Hannibal Lecter.

How he had escaped from the madman was a mystery even to Will Graham now, but he tried not to think about it anymore. Now he had a family to look out for in Marathon, Florida; his beautiful wife Molly and her son, Willy.

But even though everything was fine, and he was finally free from Hannibal... He kept seeing a stag in his dreams, and sometimes even out of the corner of his eyes. Sometimes he'd be walking down the street and would see a person who looked like one of the many people who had died because of Dr. Lecter and he would whip around only to see someone who looked *nothing* like the person they had a moment ago.

Whenever he would tell Molly of this, she would show her concern for him, but he could never tell if it was genuine or not. She probably just thought he was making most of it up, he realized soon enough, even despite the scar on his stomach which had been both created and treated by Hannibal.

Will shook his head. Thinking of Hannibal was never a good thing to do when he was tired. It was late at night now, and he was driving back home after taking a drive to simply clear his mind; obviously, it hadn't exactly worked.

When he finally made it back home, he took a moment just to bask in the glow he felt; it really was a nice house. Soon he stepped out of the car, and upon reaching the front door, he found that it was unlocked.

For a moment, he got a bad vibe, but then he shook it off. Surely Molly had just left the door open. Or had *he* simply forgotten to lock it on his way out earlier?

"Molly, Willy, I'm home!" He called as he stepped in and closed the door behind him, making sure to lock it. "... Guys?"

There was silence throughout the house, all the lights were off, and he wondered if maybe they had gone to sleep.

"No..." He mumbled to himself. "It's not *that* late..."

Quietly, he stepped further into the house, when suddenly...

"*Raaaah*!" A child-like roar from behind the kitchen counter made Will jump a bit, and when he turned, he saw Willy smiling in the dark room.

"Hey, c'mere, you," Will chuckled a bit and hugged his son. "Where's your mom, Willy?"

"Upstairs with that guy."

Will's brain fumbled a little. "... What? Who?"

"The guy that came in earlier. He said he was a friend of yours and told me to wait here for you and scare you."

"Did he tell you his name?"

Willy groaned in thought for a moment as he rubbed his chin. "I don't remember. It was something funny-sounding."

Will was starting to sweat from fear. "Was it... Was it... *Hannibal*...?"

Willy's face lit up and he nodded.

"Oh God," Will murmured to the floor, "Oh God, he *found* me... Oh G-... Willy?"

"Yeah, dad?"

"Willy, I need you to go hide, okay? Hide in the pantry, and don't come out until I say so."

Obviously a little bit scared, Willy quietly obeyed.

"Everything's gonna be just fine, Willy, just stay there and stay quiet. I'll be right back, but if I'm not, then run, Willy, okay? If you hear a lot of noise upstairs, run outside and don't stop, *okay*?"

Willy nodded, and Will carefully shut the pantry door.

Seeing as his gun was upstairs at the moment, Will walked into the kitchen and took a knife instead. He then walked up the creaky stairs as quietly as he could, only to see that the master bedroom door at the end of the hall was open a little. He approached it cautiously, his heart hammering in his chest only for fear of his wife's safety. When he reached the door, he gently pushed it open.

Sitting on the edge of the bed was Hannibal Lecter, who was wearing a bloody plastic full body suit over his clothes. In front of him, lying on the floor in a pool of her own blood, was Molly.

"Hello, Will. Still wearing that rancid aftershave, I see."

Can't Have Hate Without Love

Chapter Summary

Will confronts Hannibal in front of Willy.

"Willy? Willy... You can come out now."

Willy Graham, step-son of Will Graham, shakily opened the pantry door to find his step-father standing in front of him. Behind his step-father stood the man that had basically waltzed in earlier; the man who had introduced himself as *Hannibal Lecter*.

"*Willy*..." Will collapsed to his knees and pulled his step-son close, hugging him tightly.

"Where's mom...?" Willy stammered.

"Your mother is upstairs. Would you like to see her?" Hannibal offered nonchalantly.

Before Willy could return an answer to the madman, Will started frantically shaking his head and whimpering, "No... *No*."

"Don't cry, Will. I'd hate to have to see you cry again."

"Then stop *killing* everyone, Hannibal!" Will snapped as he released his son and stood up to get in Hannibal's face. "If you don't want to see me fucking *cry*, then stop *killing* everyone I love and get the *fuck* out of my goddamned *life*! *Haven't you fucking done enough to me already*?!"

Hannibal feigned a hurt look as he replied, "It's rude to cuss in front of a child like that, Will. But it's okay; I'll forgive you... Will you forgive me?"

"No..." Understanding what Hannibal was suggesting, Will backed up to defend his step-son when Hannibal stepped closer to them. "No, you keep your *filthy* fucking hands away from my son, you *monster*."

"He's not really your son, Will."

"Stay away from my son, Doctor Lecter." Will growled, no longer listening to Hannibal's words at that moment. "Kill *me* if you want. Eat *me*; put me on a *silver fucking platter* and serve me at one of your *stupid fucking* dinner parties or just save me for yourself, see if *I* fucking care. But *so help me God*, if you touch one goddamned hair on my son, I will make sure that you live to regret it."

Hannibal raised his eyebrows at the offer which had piqued his curiosity. "Are you saying that you will let me, and me alone, have you all to myself, just so long as I promise not to hurt your step-son?"

Will gulped, but ultimately nodded. "Yes, Doctor Lecter. I'll be *all yours*. Just let my son go. *Spare* him, I *beg* of you."

"Dad...!" The little boy cried as he clung to his step-father's leg; without averting his eyes from Hannibal's, Will rubbed his step-son's head as to comfort him.

Hannibal thought for a long moment. "... I will accept those terms. Let us head off, then, Will."

A wave of bittersweet relief washed over Will, and he again dropped to his knees in front of his step-son, this time firmly holding his shoulders and looking him in the eyes. "Willy, I love you, and I'm so sorry that you got involved in my problems. As soon as Doctor Lecter and I leave, I want you to call the police and tell them that your mom is hurt, okay?"

Willy, crying, nodded.

"I love you." Will kissed his step-son's forehead and stood, despite his legs wobbling and altogether feeling like jell-o.

Hannibal waited near the front door for Will to exit first, so Will started shuffling his feet closer.

"*Dad*...!"

Will turned back one last time. "... Be *careful*, okay?"

As Hannibal Lecter drove, he occasionally glanced over at Will Graham, who for the last half an hour or so had done nothing but lean his head against the window and cry quietly to himself.

With a small sigh, Hannibal reached over and popped the glove compartment open, startling Will out of his self-pitying thoughts.

"There are tissues in there if you need them," He announced to his passenger as he resumed driving.

Sniffling, Will reached into the compartment for tissues, but instead ended up pulling out a small gift-wrapped box. "What's this?"

"It's for you. Open it."

Cautiously, Will tore open the wrapping paper and pulled out the contents of the box. "... Is this... a bottle of aftershave?"

"I thought you might need better aftershave."

Will couldn't help but smile just a bit. "Just what is it that you feel for me, Doctor Lecter?"

"I feel a great deal of admiration and respect for you, Will." Hannibal replied. "What is it that *you* feel for *me*?"

"Honestly? ... I don't know anymore. Let's just get out of Florida so that maybe I can stop hating you so much."

Glossy Glass Doll Eyes

Chapter Summary

Will meets Dolarhyde by chance.

Their first stop out of Florida was at a gas station, as Hannibal Lecter discovered that the tank was running on empty.

"If we're making this into some sort of big long road-trip, then I'm going to go inside and look around a bit." Will Graham said, referring to the convenience store.

"Don't give anyone your full name," was Hannibal's only response.

Taking that as consent, Will walked into the store and began looking around the aisles. Soon he found himself in the aisle where, when standing facing the shelves, his back was to the windows, and he let his eyes slide boredly over the items laid out before his eyes while trying to ignore the man standing to his immediate right.

"Um, excuse me," The stranger spoke up suddenly, "You wouldn't happen to have the time, would you?"

Will raised his head, but decided not to look at the person speaking to him. "Uh... No. No, uh, sorry, my *watch* is... well, *broken*."

The stranger was quiet for a moment, but then he asked, "Your name would be...?"

"... Will. You?"

"D."

"*D.*?"

"Yep."

"*Well*, then... Nice to meet you, *D. I guess*."

"You have a really nice eye color, Will. They're a very pretty, vibrant shade of blue. Almost unreal."

This comment made Will look at D., who he then noticed towered over him. D had a scar on his lip, possibly from a surgery to correct a cleft palate, but other than that and his height, he looked like just any average joe you'd meet on the street.

Noticing that he was now being stared at, D. looked down at Will, and the two of them made eye contact, which apparently made D. incredibly shy judging by how quickly he looked down at his shoes.

At that moment, Hannibal walked into the store to pay for the gas.

Will pointed in his direction. "I'd better get going now... Uh, see you around, D."

"Who were you talking to?" Hannibal asked out of the blue after they had driven for a moment in complete silence.

"What?"

"At the gas station. Who was that man?"

"Oh, good, I thought I was hallucinating. He told me his name was *D.* or something."

"What did you talk about?"

"Oh, nothing, really. He did tell me that I had '*really nice eyes*,' though."

"How did that make you feel, Will?"

"... Nervous. Something about him just felt... *off*, somehow."

All Will could hope was that he wouldn't run into the strange, tall man ever again, though with his shitty luck, he didn't think it would be too long at all before their paths crossed again.

Wake Up, Will Graham!

Chapter Summary

In a hallucinatory daze, Will stumbles into a bad situation.

Will Graham awoke drenched in sweat and gasping. It looked to be maybe 2 AM outside given the darkness from outside, and not to mention, it was storming outside. Will sat up, looking to his right; Hannibal Lecter was in the bed beside his, still fast asleep. A shadow passing by the window made Will snap his head around to look.

It was the stag.

It was the stag, and it was whispering to him as it caused antlers to seep through the walls.

He had to follow it. It wasn't going to get away this time.

Though dead tired, Will got up. He clumsily yanked on a pair of socks, threw on his jeans without really doing them up properly, slipped on his shoes, and put on his desaturated army green-ish coat over his sweat-soaked grey t-shirt.
His hair plastered to his forehead by sweat, his eyes wandering, and his thoughts *all* but *alert*, Will left the hotel room.

The next thing he knew, someone was calling his name. He could feel that he was drenched and cold, and he could tell that he was at some sort of... bus-stop, or something of the like... but he was just so *goddamned* tired, and...

"... *Hanni... Hannibal...*?" He mumbled quietly enough for his voice to be drowned out by the rain. He couldn't see the face of the person that was saying his name.

The passenger side door of the black van in front of him opened, and out came a hand reaching out and beckoning for his to hold.

"Get in," The faceless voice said.

Under normal circumstances, Will would never have accepted such a request. However, at that particular moment, Will was only half conscious, was freezing from the onslaught of rain, and was almost about *75%* sure that the person in front of him was Hannibal Lecter.

Limply, wetly, Will fit his hand into the outstretched palm in front of him, and wondered in some corner of his mind if Hannibal's hands had always been so *huge*.

Francis Dolarhyde, aka "D.", drove back to his home. He continually glanced over at his passenger, who, shortly after getting into the van, had dozed off.

Francis wasn't sure why the voice of The Great Red Dragon knew that Will would be at that bus-stop at such an ungodly hour, but he know that it wasn't a good sign. The Great Red Dragon would never give him such a tip with good intentions in mind.

Quickly arriving at his home, Dolarhyde parked his car and carried Will inside, where he then laid his "guest" down on the sofa. Standing over him in that moment, D. found himself particularly entranced by his abdomen; his shirt had ridden up and his pants were on the verge of coming off. Besides the vaguely erotic sight of Will's exposed flesh, there was a large scar on his stomach...

... Not that Francis really *cared* about *that*.

The ideas going through his head scaring him a tad, Francis walked past Will and sat on the couch beside his head and tried to get the sick thoughts out of his own head.
However, he just *had* to look again.

From this angle, with Will laying on his back, it almost appeared as if there was a crevice between Will's skin and his pants. This crevice was barely filled whenever Will breathed in, but either way, Francis was too curious.

He *had* to reach into the crevice... or at least, so the voice had made it seem.

Hesitantly, he reached his right hand out over Will's head and let it glide over Will's stomach. The lack of an immediate reaction to this gave him the confidence to trek further, and soon the tips of his fingers had slid underneath Will's pants.

The further Dolarhyde's fingers went into Will's pants, the more ragged and loud Will's sleeping breaths became, but he only stopped when, as he briefly felt something *different*, Will's hands abruptly shot up and tangled themselves in his sleeves.

"*H-H-Hh*..." Will panted, still asleep even though his lips quivered so, "*H-Hannibal... stop*...!"

Watching the younger man's pink lips tremble unconsciously to form words, and feeling pretty damned horny now that he'd had a taste of the exhilarating sounds that Will could make, Francis found himself picturing Will's eyes open, staring up at him and revealing all. This image in mind, he leaned over and recklessly kissed his guest with fervor.

"*No*," Will tried to protest, but he was beginning to fall back into a more unconscious state, so that didn't help make the word anymore coherent against Dolarhyde's lips and instead only granted the man's tongue access to deeper recesses of his mouth.

Feverishly, D. relocated his sloppy kisses to all over Will's face and neck as he repositioned himself, now able to wrap his powerful arms tightly around Will, to embrace him. His hand found its way back to Will's pants again without his control as the arguably more petite man underneath him subconsciously dug his fingers into the back of his shirt.

Francis wanted to stop, he really did, but The Dragon had taken over and was worked into a frenzy, and not waking Will was fast becoming less and less of a priority.

Thunder clapped outside as the storm raged on, soon to drown out screams of panic, pain, and pleasure, the former two of which were to be emitted by Will Graham alone.

Paranoia

Chapter Summary

Hannibal looks for Will.

Hannibal Lecter sat on a folding chair on the outer balcony of a hotel room in Paris, France. He had expected to be here alone, but he somehow ended up with Will Graham, who was currently asleep within the hotel room.

This was the least likely scenario, originally, that had crossed Lecter's mind, and yet here they were. He turned back and looked at Will; the younger man was still asleep, buried under the covers despite the heat.

Will had been asleep for quite a while now, but Hannibal wasn't exactly worried nor concerned. He was more intrigued than anything. He didn't think it was possible for such a light sleeper with a tendency to have horrible nightmares to sleep for so long; so long being a few days straight.
It wasn't healthy to sleep so long, but Hannibal refrained from waking him.

Every so often, however, he'd go to Will and prop him up to make him drink some water. It was working so far, he figured, since Will didn't seem *to be dead from fluid deprivation.*
He had food ready for when Will awoke, as he suspected that when he did, he'd be starving.

Hannibal stood from the folding chair and walked back into the room. He carefully pulled the covers off of Will.

The man wasn't even sweating. This was unusual for him, as he would sweat even as he slept in winter back in Wolf Trap.

Hannibal stroked Will's dry hair from his forehead. The smell of his atrocious aftershave was finally beginning to dissipate, but that was probably somewhat related to the fact that his facial hair was growing out beyond a faint, dark stubble.

As he stroked the dark brown hair, Hannibal couldn't help but be a little bit stunned at the noise and faint movement he got in response.

"... Hh... Hanni-... -bal*...?" Will's eyelids flickered slowly open, his blue eyes clouded ever so slightly.*

Without saying a word, Hannibal stood up and walked to the chair in the corner of the room, where he had a small case of needles. He took one and filled it up with a clear fluid, and then he returned to Will. He gently pricked Will's arm with the needle and injected the fluid into his body.

Will groaned quietly, stirred once more, and then gradually fell back into deep slumber.

A faint smile on his face, Hannibal put the needle away, closed the case, and left the hotel room.

When Hannibal Lecter awoke from his dream of a memory, the first thing he noticed was that Will was not in the hotel room with him. This was obvious from the noticeable (to Lecter) lack of his scent; it was a rather large hotel room, yes, but not large enough for Will's smell to be so faint unless he had left.

Hannibal stood up and put on his suit. By the smell, Will had been sweating heavily before he left, and he had probably left about four hours earlier. He had left his plaid shirt behind, giving Hannibal the idea that he had left in a hurry.

He pondered for a moment whether or not Will would've tried to escape him. If so, little Willy Graham would have to die...

However, when he looked outside, he found that Will had left the car behind.
No, he hadn't left for Marathon.
Not without the car.
To Hannibal's knowledge, Will had no form of currency on him, either.

Hannibal left the hotel room. Perhaps if he took a casual walk around, he would find Will somewhere. And so he did just that; he started walking.

As he was walking, Hannibal somehow found himself across the street from what appeared to be a crime scene. When he turned his head to look, he saw two men pulling a body on a gurney towards an ambulance.

From under the temporary cover, Hannibal could see curly, messy, dark brown hair.
In the air, Hannibal could ever so faintly smell Will's aftershave at that moment.

"Move along, sir," A young officer said, but Hannibal didn't hear him. He simply unblinkingly watched the gurney be lift into the ambulance.
His heart rate was starting to increase, which was a very, very rare occurrence for Doctor Lecter.

"Sir, please, move along."

"Is the boy alive?"

"Excuse me?"

"I think I might know that young man. Has he been identified?" Hannibal asked calmly, changing the question.

"I can give no information at this time, sir; please move along."

Hannibal only continued on his way when he realized that the smell was not Will's aftershave; it was a similar smell initially, but it lacked the same level of offensiveness to his nostrils that Will's did.

However, he would be lying if he said that the level of similarity hadn't given him the paranoid thought that Will was in danger.

We Are Alike

Chapter Summary

Dolarhyde attempts to resist The Dragon.

Francis Dolarhyde awoke in the bed in his grandmother's old room. He had very little memory of what had happened the night before; little memory but for the name *Will Graham* and the sound of this *Will Graham*'s screams.

He knew Will's surname the second he saw him simply because he was a semi-avid reader of the Tattler; he had been the same way three years earlier, when Will had been admitted to the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane under accusations of possibly being the Chesapeake Ripper.

When Dolarhyde turned his head, he saw that Will was no longer beside him (or anywhere in the room, for that matter; D. wasn't really expecting Will to stay in the bed after what The Dragon had probably done to him), and this made him worry.

What would Will find, left to his own devices?

D. could only pray that Will hadn't at some point gone upstairs. Sure, he couldn't exactly be friendly with Will, but shit, he didn't want Will dead. Naked and not bothering to throw anything on in his panic, Dolarhyde briskly searched the lower floor of the house, all the while plagued by the image of himself in a silk kimono, breaking Will's back over his shoulder before throwing the much smaller man down the stairs.

He couldn't find Will downstairs. Immediately his brain assumed that Will was upstairs; he pictured himself walking down the steps to pick the severely battered Will Graham up.

Stop, please, Will had choked.

NEVER, The Dragon had cruelly replied, *YOU ARE MINE NOW. CUNT FACE WILL NOT HAVE YOU TO HIMSELF.*

However, he had to wonder; would The Dragon really call him "*Cunt Face*" in front of Will, or was that only what it would call him in private? Either way, he really didn't want to go upstairs.

Yet even though he despised the idea of going upstairs, he did so anyways.

Stop, please.

Will was not upstairs; at least, not upstairs anywhere D. could find him. From a window, however, D. could see Will outside, struggling desperately with a padlock on the gates out of the estate.

Stop, please.

By now, Dolarhyde had to assume that Will had realized those gates were the only way out, as the walls were too high and flat to scale, and the gates were solid metal. The Dragon had locked the gates in case of this situation.

Stop

"**GO AND GET HIM.**" The Dragon ordered through Dolarhyde's mouth, though it sounded to D. more like it had come from the large painting behind him.

"No," D. whimpered, but arguing with the dragon was no use. In an instant, Dolarhyde had the silk kimono on and was heading down the stairs.

Will could not escape.

Will could not leave.

Will had seen too much for that.

Now The Dragon wanted him dead.

When he stepped outside, making sure the slam the front door open as loud as he could to startle Will (and succeeding, as Will's tugging on the lock and chain became more frantic), he wondered somewhere in his mind whether or not Will would be able to fight back now that he was awake.
Then again, he had awoken during what had happened the night before and Dolarhyde's body-builder-like strength proved too much for him, so he couldn't help but doubt that.

Will turned quickly to face his "kidnapper" and opened his mouth to say something, *anything*, but wisely didn't.

Dolarhyde tightly wrapped his fingers around the collar of Will's jacket and yanked him up off of his feet, nearly over his head with ease. He lift 280 pounds daily as a workout; lifting Will Graham was no difficulty for him.

Will's smaller fingers wrapped themselves around D.'s wrists, and he had to restrain himself, lest he whip Will against the ground fast enough to turn his face into anything but a face.

In that instant, Dolarhyde felt a searing heat on his eyes and was able to determine from that feeling alone that Will was trying to stare him in the eyes. This was a knack that D. had; he could tell when he was being stared at because the spot where he was being stared at always felt hot.

This time, instead of turning away, D. returned the gaze, faintly hoping to afflict the same heat on Will's blue eyes with his own yellow ones.

However, something made The Dragon, and thus D., pause.
It was the faint, brief sight of something in those eyes; something within Will much like The Dragon. It lay dormant within him, but The Dragon knew that it had seen light at least once before.
It intimidated The Dragon in the oddest way.

D. dropped Will, whose legs buckled from the unexpected release.

Suddenly, The Dragon no longer *wanted* Will dead.
It only *wanted* Will.

Will said nothing, unsure of what he would say if he opened his mouth, and simply continued staring at D., masking his fright with annoyance.
"You're going to kill me now, aren't you?" He finally managed to say after a long lull of silence and staring. He had to say something, lest the long bout of eye contact drive him as insane as the eyes he was staring into. He worried that if he stared into them for too long, their madness would suck him in.

"No," D. said slowly.

"Then what are you going to do to me? You've already had your way with me. Leaving me alive would put you at risk." He realized too late that he wasn't helping himself by saying this.

"Get in the van."

Will furrowed his brow for a moment. "Oh, you're going to kill me somewhere else?"

"No," D. repeated. He sounded nervous, he knew he did.

Will decided to comply. Hell, even if he did die, the only other place he had to turn was back to Hannibal Lecter, and god forbid a day when he would want to return to Doctor Lecter.

"... Go in the back. ... It'll make room for your... antler thicket." Dolarhyde was as cautious with words as he usually was; avoiding the */s/* noise, since he had trouble with it.

Will gave D. an even stranger look than before. "My... antler thicket?" He realized that he recognized the pattern of D.'s speech and was beginning to subconsciously mimic it; this was a bad habit of his which he constantly tried to hold back, but it always overwhelmed him.

"Um-hmmm."

"What do you mean, my *antler thicket*?" He couldn't lie; that comment had completely unraveled whatever nerve he had gathered, and now his heart was racing.

"The antler thicket in your back. I want you to let it out. I want to give you room for that."

Will felt a shudder of mixed emotions shake him to the core. "I *can't*," was the only thing he managed to sputter.

"You *can*," D. replied as he closed the doors of the back of the van, and Will realized that at some point he must have unconsciously obeyed his captor. D. then left and disappeared into the house.

How did he know about those antlers, Will had to wonder. He was certain that it was just a hallucination, that and the stag that followed him around. Was it possible that this man could also see the stag and its antlers?
If that was the case, then could he also see the Wendigo that wore the mask of Hannibal Lecter?

Will rubbed the back of his neck. The antlers were right under his skin, he could feel them; he could feel the ache they caused, ready to burst from his skin at any moment.
He held them back. He was more scared of them than he was of D.

Before Will could think anything more, Dolarhyde had unlocked the gate and was at that point slamming the driver's seat door, which was the noise that had snapped Will from his paranoid thoughts.

As they drove, D. repeatedly looked at Will, who sat still to help himself hold the stag's antlers in, through the rear view mirror.

"Aren't you going to let them out?" He asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"They'll kill you." That was probably a lie, Will figured, but he had never felt the hallucinatory antlers hurt so much before, not counting the first time he ever felt them. Plus, he'd never felt them like so when in the presence of another person. Honestly, he was considering leaping from the back of the van just to get away from this person, as if hoping that D. himself was the reason alone why he felt this way.

"It would be an *honor* to die to them."

Will didn't reply. Fear made him rude. Lecter ate the rude. God only knew what D. did to the rude.

Next thing Will knew, D. had pulled the van to a stop at the bus stop where he'd picked Will up.

"I want to meet with you again," D. said before stepping out of the van. He opened the back doors and stepped aside to let Will out before he spoke again, "I think I can believe that you won't tell anyone about our meeting in any great detail. I want to meet you here again tomorrow."

Cautiously, testing to see whether or not he was serious, Will stepped out of the van and stepped back towards the bus shelter.
"Keep dreaming, ..." He wanted to call D. an *asshole*, but he realized that he would need to

use the */s/* sound. Then he couldn't help but visibly cringe as he realized that he was still trying to mimic D.'s speech pattern.

"I will meet you here tomorrow, ... *Will Graham*."
The Dragon left The Stag standing there in fearful awe as he got back into his black van and sped away without so much as another word.

Let Me Show You That I Care

Chapter Summary

Hannibal finally finds Will.

Hannibal Lecter found Will Graham with his head down, sitting on the ground at a bus stop with his back against the bus shelter. He'd have been lying to himself if he wasn't relieved.

"Will?" He asked as he stood over the younger man.

Slowly, Will looked up at him.
"Doctor Lecter... It's good to see you. I think."

Hannibal held out his hand to help Will stand, and he took it. After yanking the man to his feet, however, Hannibal took a moment to smell Will.

Will smelled of the aftershave Hannibal had purchased for him, but the smell was overpowered by the foreign smell of a stranger's saliva and...

Hannibal's eyes widened for just a second, and he raised his arm, placing his hand against the back of Will's neck intimately. "What happened last night, Will?"

Will failed to meet Hannibal's eyes, but with Will, who hated making eye contact, that wasn't unusual.
"Nothing," He answered quietly.

"You have to tell me the truth, Will. I can smell someone's seed on you."

"Jesus *Christ*, Hannibal," Will pulled himself from Hannibal's half-embrace and turned away, distaste pungent in his voice.

"Would you prefer it if I used scientific terms?"

"*No*. If anything, I would *greatly dislike* that, Doctor Lecter."

"What happened last night, Will?"

Will was quiet for a moment. "... Do you remember that guy I met at the gas station?"

"Refresh my memory."

"His name was D."

"Oh yes, now I remember. What about him?"

"... Last night... Last night, all I remember is waking up, seeing a... a *stag* outside. Then I was at this bus stop. Someone asked me to ride with them. I didn't realize until later that it was D."

"Who did you think it was, Will?"

Will slowly turned around and looked up into Hannibal's brown eyes. "I thought it was *you*, Doctor Lecter. But then he put his hands on me, and... Well, I woke up." Will looked at the curb of the sidewalk behind Hannibal's right-hand hip.
"I tried to get him off of me, but it seems like he's some kind of weightlifter; he completely overwhelmed any of my attempts to get away."

"What did he do to you, Will?" Hannibal asked calmly, leaning closer to Will, though he already knew the answer just from the smell of sex that lingered on Will's flesh and clothes.

"..." Will said nothing. He sighed through his nostrils, and with it, fatigue seemed to finally kick into effect. He slumped forward, resting his head against Hannibal's shoulder, which the taller man immediately encouraged by wrapping his opposite arm around him.

"You may hold me if you need to."

"I don't want to." Will replied bitterly.

"It's natural to crave human contact, Will."

"Even after human contact turns to... *whatever* that was?"

"Sexual abuse?" Hannibal offered.

"I have *not* been *abused*, Doctor Lecter." Will snapped defensively.
It seemed to Hannibal as though "*abuse*" was some kind of trigger word for Will; he documented his in his head for future reference.

"Haven't you?"

Will chose to remain silent, but he couldn't help but quiver a little. Hannibal felt this quiver under his arm and moved his hands to the sides of Will's face. He stood the man up straighter and looked him in the eyes to find that his eyes were starting to water up.

"I will comfort you. Do you want me to comfort you, Will?"

Silently, Will blinked a bit, and one small tear slid down his face.

"You don't need to feel ashamed if you need to say yes. Everyone needs comfort."

Will chuckled, though it sounded rather broken. "Even you...?"

"Yes. Even me."

After a brief pause, Will nodded, and in response to it, Hannibal held him tightly against himself.
"Cry if you need to cry, Will. It's alright. It'll be alright."

When Will finally calmed down, Hannibal brought him to a casual little restaurant where they resumed a civilized conversation over drinks.

"He wants to meet me back at that bus stop again tomorrow," Will said, for the time being deciding to leave out the part about D. making comment on his stag antlers, as he had never actually told Hannibal about that to begin with and didn't feel like explaining it at that moment.

"Do you plan to obey him?" Hannibal asked before he calmly took a sip of his drink.

"I don't know, go back to him just for him to treat me that way again? I would find that to be very dumb of me, to speak in simple terms." It was Will's turn to take a sip of his own drink.

"Do you know what *mamihlapinatapai* is, Will?"

Will nearly choked on his drink. "Gesundheit?"

"It's a Yaghan word for the wordless gaze that two people share with each other when both of them wish to initiate something with the other, but both are reluctant to do so."

Will stared at Hannibal quietly.

"We share such gazes very often, wouldn't you say?"

Will snorted. "If that's the case, then what is it we're reluctant to start?"

Suddenly, Will found himself caught in another *mamihlapinatapai* with Hannibal. There was a stack of napkins on the table, and both of them inexplicably reached for it at the same time, though neither of them actually needed a napkin. Their fingertips touched, and Will was the one to yank his hand away.

"Sorry," He grunted.

"There's no need to apologize for physical contact, Will."

"I'm not apologizing for the physical contact. I'm apologizing for the *strange intimacy* of the physical contact."

"There's no need to apologize for that either," Hannibal stated before he ended the dwindling conversation by taking another long sip of his drink.

The Wendigo's Words of Wisdom

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal's plan slowly springs into action... or has his plan been active for some time now?

Hannibal Lecter returned to the hotel room in Paris, France to discover that Will Graham had awoken at some point during his absence. This was marked only by the fact that Will was now clutching one of the doctor's books as he slept, curled up in a half-fetal position with his face pointed toward the door.

Obviously, Will had woken too dazed to do much, Hannibal figured. He walked over to the bed and stared down at Will, at which point he saw, just barely, that the man's eye had opened just a smidgeon.

As Doctor Lecter sat down by his feet, the weight made the bed wobble Will a tad, which in turn made Will think about boats. In response to this sensation, a feeling of safety, Will closed his opened eye with a small smile making it across his face.

Hannibal gently stroked Will's curly dark brown hair, and this made Will attempt to turn over. For a moment, he opened an eye again, and there on the bed sat a 6-foot-tall man.

What he cooed under his breath in that moment both pleased and confused Hannibal.

*"*Dad...*?"*

There is a long silence between Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter as the doctor drives leisurely back to the bus stop where he had initially picked Will up earlier that morning.

This silence is broken abruptly by Hannibal, who asks, "Do you remember Clarice Starling, Will?"

Will looks over at him. "Who's Clarice Starling?"

"I still remember what you did to her when she found us in Europe. It was disappointing to see that happen to her, but your skill in the act amazed me." Hannibal replies, making sure to keep his speech vague.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Who's Clarice Starling?" Will repeats the question again, this time followed by, "What did I do to her?"

"*You* are Clarice Starling. *Now*, at least."

"That doesn't make any sense, Doctor Lecter."

"*You* are *my* Clarice."

The affirmation of Hannibal's previous statement leaves Will feeling clammy and nervous, and not to mention anxiously curious to find out what he supposedly did to this Clarice Starling person. However, he does not repeat his second question, as a part of himself in the furthest corners of his mind suggests that he not find out just yet.

Hannibal smiles to himself. He has not yet purged the violent image of Ms. Starling's end from his mind, and with it he intends to resume his initial unorthodox therapy on Will.

Before, Will was hunting the Chesapeake Ripper. He had found him, but had nearly destroyed his psyche in the process.

Now he would hunt Clarice Starling while also hunting his attacker from earlier that morning. He was curious to see whether or not Will could handle the strain of hunting two, or rather three, people at once; Clarice and Will both hate (or in Clarice's case, hate*d*) it when Hannibal is curious.

It is in this moment that Hannibal can't help but compare Will to a police dog, but he reasons to himself that the reason for this is that he knows how much Will adores dogs.

"Whatever happened to Winston, Will?" Hannibal asks to break the tense silence.

Will scoffs. "How should I know? You took me away from Wolf Trap three years ago and I haven't been back there since."

"You haven't? I would have expected you to do so."

This time, Will shakes his head. "Bad memories."

"Of Alana Bloom?" Hannibal is rewarded for this response with a cringe from Will.

"Don't say her name."

"I'm sorry, Will. I wish I could give her back to you. I know how much you cared for her."

The kind words from Doctor Lecter, even if they are meaningless lies to the monster from which they came, trigger a wave of emotion in Will so powerful that it brings tears to his eyes.

Hannibal reaches over Will's lap, and for a second, Will can feel his own warm breath stop short against the older man's slicked-back dark blond hair. He waits for Hannibal to open the glove compartment once more, to perhaps offer him tissues again or, less likely, to bestow upon him another gift, and after a brief pause, half of what he is waiting for is fulfilled.

Hannibal eases his foot from the accelerator and cocks his head to the side, leaning upward. He now stares Will in the eyes, and he says calmly, "What do you see, Will?"

Will searches his mind for words, but he has suddenly forgotten how to speak, so he only ends up stammering mutely.

"You remember what happened in Wolf Trap. Do you remember what happened inside your house the night before?"

Will blinks. With that blink, the memories rush back to him; the memories of heat, of tangled, sweaty flesh, of ever so kinky violence, of a feeling of what Hannibal would no doubt refer to as a *loss of control*.

"Do you remember, Will?"

"Yes," Will chokes.

"How much?"

Doctor Lecter, what was that, exactly

What do you want it to be, Will

Nothing

Nothing

I want it to be ***nothing***

"Everything."

Hannibal grins broadly, revealing his small white teeth to Will. "Good."

Will is almost reluctant to ask, "Why," and when he does, he is briskly cut off by Hannibal's lips mashing against his. He doesn't know how to react.

After what almost feels like an eternity, Hannibal pulls back. "We're here, Will."

"Huh?" Will snaps out of his trance and finds that Hannibal had stopped the car at the bus stop where he was to wait for D. He turns his head back to Hannibal quietly, a questioning look on his face.

"I simply wanted to prepare you for whatever he may try," Hannibal admits, "The last thing we need is for you to get flustered, Will."

"I don't get *flustered*," Will snaps stubbornly.

"Then what were you just now?"

"... Confused."

"Then the last thing we need is for you to get confused, Clarice."

"*You're* making me *confused*!" Will cries, suddenly thrown into a desperate state of mind by the switching of his name with Clarice's.

"Relax, Will." Hannibal grips Will's shoulders tightly, as if attempting to stabilize him. "Now go give that shy, shy boy your best shot."

Clarice

Chapter Summary

A flashback, and also Hannibal's inspiration.

Hannibal Lecter keeps Will Graham asleep mainly because he doesn't know if he can handle manipulating two people at once. While Will sleeps, Hannibal amuses himself with a new puppet to toy with; Clarice Starling. She is an FBI Agent, and to Hannibal's ideals, she is looking to become the next Will Graham for the bureau.

He has to admit... he likes *her. He* likes *Clarice Starling to such a degree that he often finds himself toying with the idea of simply finishing Will off and just hunting Clarice down like a dog returning home.*

She reminds him so much of his younger sister, Mischa, who died in her youth when Hannibal was only six years old.
He remembers now the sounds, the images; the image of Mischa being taken away across the blood-stained snow, the sound of her screaming his name, and then the sound of the axe...

Hannibal shudders the thoughts away. No need to give himself nightmares.

The last letter Hannibal sent to Clarice was an invitation to meet him at a fancy restaurant near the hotel he currently stayed at. He could trust that she wouldn't rat out on him; she wasn't that type of person. She would be curious to meet him herself, alone; see what kind of person he was.

She is a bright girl, but she doesn't know Lecter nearly as intimately as Will Graham does.

Upon arriving at the hotel, Hannibal checks his temporary mailbox for a reply from Clarice, but finds the box to be empty.

"Oh," A nearby receptionist speaks up helpfully, "Dr. Fell, your roommate requested that your mail be brought upstairs."

Just peachy*, Hannibal thinks,* he awoke while I was out again.

"Thank you," He says to the receptionist before he takes an elevator up to the floor his room is on. When he steps into the room, he is surprised to find that Will Graham is nowhere to be found. His clothes are gone as well, and a letter lies opened on the floor.

Hannibal picks the torn-open letter up. It is from Clarice.

She has accepted his invitation.

Suddenly, Hannibal feels a sense of adrenaline, in the form of concern for Clarice. Hannibal was late to meet her at the restaurant. If Will had left... he would not *be.*

But that was silly. *What would Will get out of interfering with Hannibal's plans for Clarice Starling?*

The answer was nothing.

Clarice Starling sits patiently in the restaurant, waiting for Doctor Hannibal Lecter to arrive. She has introduced herself to the restaurant's staff with the same name she signed her letter to Doctor Lecter as (by his request), Hannah.

Honestly, she has a bad feeling about the whole thing. But she knows that Hannibal Lecter would never hurt her.

... Not yet*, at least.*

From where she sits, deep within the restaurant, she barely notices the unkempt, ill-looking man who steps up to the front desk. She remains unaware of his presence until he takes a seat across from her, and for a brief moment, she mistakes him for Doctor Lecter.

"Ummm. Hello," She says, "Are you with Dr. Fell?" Stick to the aliases, Clarice.

"Lecter." The man in front of her grumbles. He doesn't really look like he's entirely with her in that moment; it almost looks like he's about to have a mild seizure or perhaps simply collapse.

The mention of Lecter's real surname jolts Clarice a tad. She takes a moment to really look at this man in front of her...

"Dangerous." He says. It's then that Clarice recognizes him, and she barely suppresses a gasp.

"Oh my God. Come with me," She takes his hand and pulls him with secrecy into the ladies' washroom. No one else is in the bathroom, thank god, so she places the man against the sink, which he grips and leans back against heavily.
*"*Will Graham*?" She asks in a hushed tone, even though she already knows for certain that it's him.*

Will doesn't really respond. He seems out of it.

Clarice slaps his cheek gently. "Hey, Mr. Graham! Do you know where you are?"

Will shakes his head.

"You're in Paris, France. You were kidnapped by Hannibal Lecter; do you remember?"

Again, he shakes his head.

"Do you remember anything*? Do you remember who you are?"*

Shake.

"You're Special Agent Will Graham of the FBI. You had a temporary badge; you weren't officially FBI because of the strict screening procedur-"

"I don't care who *I am," He cries in a disoriented way, shaking his head.*

"Agent Graham, it's alright. I'm Clarice Starling. I'm an undercover FBI A-" Before she can say anything more, Will has a knife to her throat. She slowly raises her arms above her head. "Alright, just relax. You're safe now."

"I won't let you take my anchor away."

"Is Hannibal Lecter your anchor, Will?"

Will nods, blinking spastically.

"I'm not going to take your anchor away, Agent Graham. Just calmly put the knife away, and everything will be fine."

If Will was in control, this would've been the part where he admitted that he found Clarice Starling to be quite pretty. Unfortunately, she reminded him just a little too much *of the late Alana Bloom.*
That, and he wasn't *in control. The* stag *was controlling Will; Will was losing time. He would wake up later and have absolutely no recollection of Clarice, though the memories would still be in his head if he could only reach them.*

"Agent Graham, please*." Clarice slowly began lowering her hands out in front of her, cautiously reaching for the knife.*

*"*Don't touch me*!" Will roars, thrusting the knife forward and nearly cutting Clarice's silky flesh in the gesture.*

"You'll never get away with this here. You'll be caught." She warns him.

Suddenly, they hear the sound of someone entering the bathroom. Before Clarice can whip out her gun from the holster around her right thigh, Will shoves her into the open stall behind her. He slams the door shut with his foot and pins Clarice to the wall, bending her over the toilet.

As the person enters the stall next to theirs, Clarice tries to read Will's eyes. They are the same shade of blue as her's, but she can find no emotion in them. They are cold, apathetic; the eyes of a ruthless, wild stag, willing to kill the first thing that moves.

Clarice Starling is scared.

Hannibal Lecter is driving towards the restaurant on a residential street. As he drives, he passes by two figures, and he stops the car shortly after. Stepping out into the darkness of the street, it being pretty late at this time, he sees the figures underneath a streetlight in front of him; Will Graham, holding Clarice Starlight not unlike the way Garrett Jacob Hobbs had held his daughter before his death.

"Will," Hannibal finds himself indirectly pleading. It would be a shame to lose Clarice, but at the same time, he feels fairly confident that Will won't have the nerve to kill her. "Will, wake up."

Clarice's blue eyes, much like Will's, much like Mischa's, plead with Hannibal for a rescue; Hannibal is not sure, however, if he can provide her with that rescue, just like he was unable to provide one for Mischa.

"Will, listen to me. It is 8:19 PM. You are in Paris, France. Your name is Will Graham." Hannibal drones.

Will does not hear. He stands behind the stag, which has an antler to Clarice Starling's throat; the slightest move of its head, and she will die, for these antlers are razor sharp.

Will has stag's antlers coming from his back. They hurt.

They will go away if Clarice Starling dies.

" **Kill** *."*

Hannibal watches in awe as Will turns Clarice around, the knife still pressed into her throat and thus ripping her throat open. The blood begins spurting out all over Will, who whips his head around with his mouth open, almost as if he was being sprayed with a water sprinkler in a much happier situation. Clarice gasps in a panicked way, clutching at her throat as Will releases her, too caught up in the sheer joy killing brings him in his current mindset to restrain her any longer.

Clarice Starling falls to the ground, but Hannibal doesn't pay any attention to her. It's too late for her*, but* Will *has* changed.
Hannibal has succeeded.

He has made a killer out of Will Graham.

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